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Unprepared for Victory

IS THE END OF the European aspect of the war in sight? The question may seem absurd in view of the fact that the British-American forces have not even landed in Western Europe; yet it was being asked in dead earnest, all over the world, by August 9.

In Russia the great victories at Orel and Belgorod seemed on the point of being followed by an equally great victory at Kharkov. In the Mediterranean, Sicilian resistance was rapidly crumbling. The Germans were occupying northern Italy as fast as possible in the expectation that the Badoglio government, or its successor, would soon make peace.

From Germany, via Spain, came sensational reports that Hitler had lost his power and that real authority had passed to a group predominantly military, with Goering as its only important Nazi member. A million Berliners were leaving the city, almost under panic conditions, fearing a repetition of the ruin inflicted on Hamburg. Finland was said to be seeking to make peace, and of great significance was Sweden's refusal to permit any further use of her territory to transport Nazi soldiers to or from Norway.

The Balkans were reported to be seething with unrest. The United Nations Middle Eastern forces had made "military contact" with the Yugoslav guerrillas, whatever that means. On August 8 American newspaper commentators were recalling the fact that just twenty-five years earlier to a day, the Germans first realized that the war had turned against them, and despite the fact that they still had magnificent armies intact, they began to prepare to surrender.

To be sure, it is much too early for easy optimism about the situation. Months ago, some European experts predicted that this autumn the Germans would fall back voluntarily from Russia to a line running roughly from the old eastern frontier of Poland to Odessa on the Black Sea. It is possible that that maneuver is in progress. The stories about Hitler were passed by the German and Spanish censors and are therefore obviously Axis propaganda, in which no confidence whatever can be placed. Berlin could be evacuated without any fatal blow to Nazi efficiency. It is quite possible that a long hard fight is still ahead. It remains true that the best way to shorten it is to redouble our efforts, and especially in the production of war goods here at home.

Even so, the great overwhelming fact by which we are confronted this week is that we are completely unprepared for a possible victory that may come sooner than anyone has dared to predict. London and Washington are talking about an impending meeting among Roosevelt, Churchill and possibly Stalin. It is now obvious that such a meeting should have taken place long ago. It is equally obvious that there are differences between Russia on one side and Britain and America on the other, that are unlikely to be removed by a single meeting of the heads of these three states. These differences go much deeper than the mere question of territorial boundaries, punishment of war criminals and the like. They concern the kind of Europe, and for that matter, the kind of world, that we propose after the war.

An amazing indication of how far apart are the Russians from the Anglo-American bloc at this moment is found in the vigorous new Russian demand for a second front in Western Europe before the end of this

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year. It is hard to believe that the British-American plans do not include such a second front; and it is equally hard to believe that Stalin is not aware of those plans. If he is, what possible reason has he for taking his case to the court of public opinion now? Can it be true that after all this time he still fears that his Western allies intend to leave the real brunt of the fighting to Russia? And if so, is there a solid basis for his belief? Even now, are we not yet rid of the old spectre of covert anti-Russian feeling dictating policy in London and in Washington?

It is evident that Mr. Churchill has some very definite ideas of his own on the shape of the future. Whether the majority of the British people would support his plans, if they knew of them, we cannot say; Mr. Churchill's personal prestige is now so high that he can "get away with murder" for the time being. Whether Mr. Roosevelt wholly agrees with Mr. Churchill, we do not know; but he is likely to play along with him in the interest of harmony between the Allies at a time when he feels, and with some truth, that disunity would be a present to the Axis of inestimable value.

What Mr. Churchill wants in Europe, it is pretty clear, is a return to the *status quo ante*, in so far as British interests would be served thereby. He has said that he does not intend to permit the dissolution of the British Empire; and since the only important part of the British Empire that has any desire to be free is India, this was tantamount to saying that he does not propose to let India go. It seems clear that he would object to the dissolution of the French Empire as well, unless Britain were the residuary legatee.

The situation in Italy is a portent, and an ominous one, of what may be expected elsewhere if things go on as at present. There is as yet no indication that Russia is being consulted about Italy; certainly it is hard to imagine her supporting our colossal blunder of pinning all our hopes—for one week—on the King. There is no indication, either, that the French National Committee is being consulted, although France is more concerned than almost anyone else. Gaetano Salvemini, in this issue of The New Republic, describes the dilemma of the democracies. We want Italy to surrender; but we are discouraging with all our power the liberal and democratic forces in Italy which are the only ones that really want to surrender.

Mr. Roosevelt said a fortnight ago that we have no plans of any sort for Germany after she has given up. If this were really true, it would be one of the most extraordinary pieces of negligence in modern history. Whatever may be the technical facts, it is pretty clear that what is true of Italy is true of Germany as well: we don't want the present regime overthrown by any which would seem dangerously far to the Left to the conservatives of our State Department and the British Cabinet.

Now, if ever, is the time for public opinion in the United States and Great Britain to assert itself. The people of these countries, whose sons are fighting and dying in the cause of victory, don't want a peace for the benefit of the conservatives' special interests, a peace which is only a continuation of war under another name and is certain to mean a return to violent conflict in another ten or twenty years. The people want the war criminals punished; but they want a chance for life for the mass of common citizens in Italy and Germany who have always been the victims, never the allies, of the Fascists' plottings. If our governments try to dictate a peace on any other than liberal and democratic principles, then we shall have lost the war.

What's Wrong with State?

The New York Times has at last recognized publicly the fact that all is not well with the State Department. In a front-page article it solemnly records the facts that many people have known for a long time. There is extremely bad feeling between Secretary Hull and Undersecretary Welles, between Assistant Secretaries Berle and Acheson and among other officials. American diplomats abroad get contradictory interpretations of American policy from various high officials. So do foreign diplomats making inquiries of the Department in Washington. There is great confusion and overlapping of function.

Mr. Arthur Krock hastens to the rescue with an article saying it is all Mr. Roosevelt's fault. He refuses to give Secretary Hull a free hand. Mr. Welles is encouraged to go over the head of his superior; Mr. Berle and some others were wished upon Secretary Hull and are loyal to the President, not to him. Mr. Krock thinks nothing can be done except in the highly unlikely contingency that the President will stop making foreign policy and give Secretary Hull or some successor complete authority.

Most of this is true and all of it is familiar but none of it goes to the heart of the problem. Mr. Roosevelt has been guilty of some mistakes in foreign policy, but the deeper trouble is that the whole attitude of the State Department is an outmoded one, inappropriate to the spirit of the times and to the philosophy of the Roosevelt administration. There is not one high official in the Department who can properly be called a New Dealer. Or to look at the matter in another way: Can you imagine Thomas Jefferson's enjoying a conversation with any one of them or approving his fundamental ideas? The Department is republican, not democratic. Partly for this reason, it has little conception of the tides of public opinion in this country or any other; for example, when it decided to relinquish the already worthless extraterritorial rights in China, it hung on just the one year too long, and gave up the rights with just the necessary bad grace, to destroy all value of the action in cementing the friendship of the Chinese people.

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The reason American liberals get so disturbed over the appeasement of Franco, the covert hostility to Russia, the cold-shouldering of the French National Committee, is because they do not see in the Department any clear understanding of and devotion to democratic principles such as would make neo-imperialism and appeasement of fascism impossible. Weaknesses like this will never be cured by giving Secretary Hull final authority, as Mr. Krock would like to see done.

The Committee Will Be Recognized

After all this time, reports from Washington indicate that we intend to recognize the French National Committee in North Africa. That we have not, was getting painfully ridiculous. De Gaulle and Giraud, two excessively difficult and temperamental men, had managed to sink their differences. A long list of countries had already given recognition to the committee, and Britain and Russia were obviously only waiting impatiently for the Americans to wake up to the realities of the situation.

A State Department spokesman explains that we do not propose to recognize the committee as a government (we were never asked to, and there is no occasion to do so). We shall, however, work with the committee from now on. To be sure, the State Department may change its mind again before these words are read; but if it does not, we are near the end of a very queer chapter of American diplomatic history. One victim would appear to be Assistant Secretary Berle, who only a fortnight ago carefully explained that we can give no recognition to the committee or to anybody else until after France has been set free and has held elections of her own. That was the doctrine of legitimacy carried to the limits of logical absurdity.

The Bovingdon Affair

All we know about John Bovingdon is his record as published in the daily press. He is, so it seems, a trained economist who speaks, reads and understands Japanese, something that few Americans are able to do. He also speaks, reads and understands German, French, Spanish and Russian. He lived for some time in the Dutch East Indies and once taught economics at Keio University in Tokyo. The Civil Service Commission had good reason to believe that he might be extremely useful in the Enemy Branch of the Office of Economic Warfare, and he was hired in July at a salary of $5,600 a year.

Then the Dies Committee dug into Bovingdon's past and discovered that he had committed three practically heinous crimes. He had been a rhythmic dancer, he had visited Russia and, on his return, he had given dance recitals before what the committee described as Communist groups. When this news was published, the great edifice of American democracy trembled—well, not quite to its foundations, but at least as far down as Leo T. Crowley's boots. Crowley, the director of the OEW, asked his subordinate to resign "in the best interests of the agency"—or in other words, to placate and appease Representative Dies. When Bovingdon refused, in a dignified letter, the director gave an exhibition of administrative ill temper by discharging him "as of the close of business on this date."

That's all we know, but we can guess the sequel. Bovingdon will go back to private life, sadder, wiser and somewhat more dubious about the operations of American democracy. Crowley will hire a new analyst for his Enemy Branch—a safe man who never danced in public, never visited Russia and never learned to read or speak five languages, including Japanese.

No Spikka da French

While the Bovingdon case was pirouetting in the press, Eugene L. Garey, general counsel for the Cox Committee in its investigation of the Federal Communications Commission, was making another shattering discovery. He wasn't the man to keep it secret either. Calling the newspaper boys together, he told them in a horrified voice that the Foreign Branch of the Office of War Information was employing aliens—yes, Frenchmen and Italians and even German refugees—to read its broadcasts to Europe. Garey wants to have them all discharged, and presumably wants to have them replaced by good Americans who learned their foreign languages phonetically and speak them with the authentic accent of Bean Blossom Valley College—*allong ongfong de la pahtree*. Thinking back to

Duffy in The Baltimore Sun

"Good Morning, Pupil!"

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our college days, we found just the person for the OWI to hire, if Garey's principle is to be followed. She is Chaucer's Prioress, who, if you remember, spoke beautiful French

> After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
> For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

The Dodecanese Islands

It is to be hoped that the Italian Empire, whose remnants are Albania and the Dodecanese Islands, will never be put up for auction. No principle other than self-determination should be allowed to fix the future sovereignty of these territories. The Dodecanese Islands have a particular claim. Since 1912 these islands, overwhelmingly Greek in language, religion, custom and sentiment, have been under Italian rule. The result: the population has declined from 149,000 in 1912 to less than 60,000 at present. After thirty-one years of starvation under Italy, the islands are demanding to be returned to Greece. Italian liberal leaders Carlo Sforza and Randolfo Pacciardi have emphasized the justness of the Dodecanese demand for Greek repatriation.

There is, however, the undesirable possibility that the islands, once wrested from Italian domination, will be used by the Allies as a bargaining asset in winning over Turkey to our side. Turkey would have a natural appetite to possess these islands which occupy a strategic position off her coast. A natural appetite—but not to be indulged. With the Dodecanese we might well begin to apply a policy which shall determine the status of all colonial territories in our own or in enemy hands—the right of self-determination.

Four Gallons or Three?

The East and the Middle West seem to be on the point of civil war over gasoline rationing. Until now, nonessential drivers in the East have had one and one-half gallons a week and those in the Middle West, four. With the opening of the Big Inch pipeline, additional tank cars are now available and Secretary Ickes has proposed to equalize the ration everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains at about three gallons weekly.

Middle Western politicians have responded with a wild uproar. Seemingly nothing in the whole history of the war has stirred them so deeply as this question of an extra gallon a week for their constituents. Senator Reed of Missouri is furious; presumably he speaks for the roadhouse proprietors, since we are reliably informed that their parking lots are filled to capacity every night from sundown on. If the Middle West has a good case for its extra gallon of gasoline, we have not heard what it is. Certainly the statistics arguing that distances are greater in that region are dubious in the extreme.

We hold no brief for pleasure drivers, East, West or anywhere else. To give up such driving is a small price to pay to defeat fascism. The Middle Western protest comes mainly from political enemies of the Roosevelt administration, and is part of the smear campaign designed to win a Republican victory in 1944.

Prices Paid

Just for the sake of the record, here are the prices on foodstuffs that were being paid by housewives in southwestern Connecticut during the first week of August, 1943, dealing in all cases with reputable, well established grocers:

Red raspberries were 40 cents a pint box; watermelons, $2 each; small lamb chops, 22 cents each; cherries, 49 cents a pound; eggs, 69 cents a dozen; lettuce, 20 cents for a small head; lima beans, 25 cents a pound; a small broiler, $1.40; grapes, 40 cents a pound; small honeydew melon, 60 cents. How do these compare with prices in your locality?

Drafting Fathers

So far as we can learn, the United States is the only important country in the world which drafts single men before married ones and, among the married ones, postpones the calling of those with children. Everywhere else, the only question asked of a man is whether he is able to fight. Family allowances are distributed as a matter of course, and if your family can't live on what the government gives you, it must seek privately whatever help it can get. Now the United States has come close to the bottom of the barrel of single men and married men without children. We have handled our manpower problem very badly indeed, but even if we had handled it well, the present situation would finally have developed. Senator Wheeler of Montana makes the fantastic proposal that Congress should forbid the drafting of fathers until some future date has been reached. Is Senator Wheeler in favor of losing the war? Our recent successes should not blind us to the fact that both in Europe and in Asia we face an enemy with many millions of efficient, highly trained soldiers. We shall need all the effective manpower we can muster; and on the home front we shall need women as well as men; if they won't volunteer, compulsion will have to be used, as is already the case in every other country. It is impossible to give the General Staff the task of winning the war, and then tell them they can have only a limited supply of soldiers. Senator Wheeler's attitude is sentimentality carried to the point of defeatism.

Little Business Still Survives

A year ago everyone was concerned about the impending annihilation of small business, but like so many expected calamities, this one hasn't happened. An investigation reported in The Wall Street Journal shows that business failures involving loss to creditors are at the lowest point since 1894, forty-nine years ago. Even closing down businesses without loss to anyone is lower

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than usual, although this item includes all the small shops that are shut up because the proprietor goes into the army or a shipyard. The long campaign for subcontracting on war orders has at last begun to bear fruit. In addition, what we fondly call "typical American ingenuity" has enabled men driven out of one line to start in another. Hundreds of small factories have found some type of war goods to which they could turn. Retailers whose normal products are unobtainable manage to sell something else. Unless some new difficulty, not now foreseen, should arise, little business ought to last out the duration.

Can We Win at Home?

WHILE ON THE MILITARY FRONT victory succeeds victory, the main battle on the economic front still reveals a steady retreat, and it is a question whether it will be won. This is the battle against inflation and the steadily rising cost of living. There is no doubt what in general needs to be done in order to win this battle; the doubt concerns whether Congress will do it.

One wing of the nation's army in the economic battle may be said to be concerned with fiscal policy to close the inflationary gap, the other wing, with problems of supply and price control. Neither can advance far without support by the other. Both must vigorously push forward if success is to be achieved.

The response of congressional leaders and newspapers to the President's statement that we need to tax or borrow, or both, from the citizens far more heavily is not encouraging. Senator George probably expresses a prevailing sentiment when he says that we cannot tax much more without destroying the middle class. It is obvious from the figures of income that any great increase in tax receipts must come from the middle brackets and those just below them; higher rates in the upper brackets may be justified, but because of the relatively small number of incomes in these brackets, they would not yield nearly enough.

But what Senator George and those who object to stiffer taxation forget is that the surest way to destroy the middle class—if by that term we mean those who have relatively stable incomes or salaries of moderate size—is to permit inflation to continue. No matter how many times it is explained, it never seems to penetrate the economic dunderheads that inflation is taxation, levied on those who are least able to pay. The total of goods for sale to civilians will not be increased, no matter how little we tax. A stiff and just tax program can distribute the scarcities according to need. Failure to tax away excess purchasing power will mean that those with the most rapidly rising incomes will get most of the goods, while those with small or fixed incomes will become progressively impoverished. The citizens will have to get along on less in any case. It is better to take our medicine through a tax which will stop rising prices rather than to perish of inflationary fever.

In their efforts to escape the unpleasant duty of antagonizing taxpayers, congressmen are again beginning to talk of a general sales tax. The merit of this tax, from the politicians' point of view, is that people do not know when they pay it. (Since the placing of the income tax on a current basis, the sales tax no longer is superior in being collected more promptly as incomes and prices rise.) If, however, even a semblance of justice is given the sales tax by exempting food and other necessities, it cannot possibly raise enough, since there are not enough other goods for sale. The only real solution, as competent economists have repeatedly said, is higher income taxes all along the line, probably combined with compulsory loans. If Canada and Britain can do it, we can do it.

On the other wing of the economic front, a complete revision of the price-control machinery, at least in food, is under serious consideration. If advance reports are correct, this would involve a system similar to that successsfully operated in Britain—government purchasing from the primary producers, and resale at controlled prices to those who supply the public. By this system it would be possible to pay enough to encourage production of the more necessary foods and to sell them for prices which those who needed them could afford to pay. The difficulties of direct subsidies would thus be avoided, though a loss to the government would doubtless ensue. The main advantages, however, would be that food production could be rationalized for war needs, everyone would get enough nutrition, retail prices could be held steady and bottlenecks in distribution would not be caused by forcing retailers or other distributors to sell at controlled prices commodities which they had to buy at uncontrolled prices. Coupled with a program of adequate taxation which would cover the losses, this would stop inflation in its tracks.

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A Journal of Opinion

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Two Wars Against Italy

What Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt demand from whoever is in power in Italy today is that the Italian soldiers in the Dodecanese, in Crete, in Greece, in Albania, in Montenegro, in Dalmatia, in Croatia, in France and in Corsica, and the Italian workers in Germany—that is, about one and a half million men—be abandoned to Hitler and that Allied forces be entitled to occupy Italy and to wage war against Germany on Italian soil so that Italian cities, no longer bombed by Allied planes, will be bombed by the Germans. One cannot blame them for making such demands. War is war. The Italians have, not Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt to blame for their tragic plight, but Mussolini and his auxiliaries, with the King heading the list. The Italians can blame Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt only for calling "unconditional surrender" by the name of "peace." The term is meaningless in such a context. But perhaps the Italians discovered a long while ago that words have lost their meanings.

The King and Badoglio can neither wage war nor make peace. If they remain loyal to Hitler, the country will be destroyed by the Allied armies. If they break away from Hitler, the country will be destroyed even more ferociously by Hitler's armies. By submitting to Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Roosevelt's "peace," the King, who no less than Mussolini was responsible for the treaty of alliance with Hitler in May, 1939, would dishonor himself. Honor means very little to kings. The safety of the skin means all. But on the day the Italians began to be bombed by German, in place of American and British, airmen, the skin of the King of Italy would be worth even less than his honor. Thus the only thing the King and his servant, Badoglio, can do of their own free will is to proclaim martial law and ruthlessly suppress Italian street demonstrations. Fascist generals have always proved efficient in killing unarmed Ethiopians or their unarmed countrymen. Only when they had to fight an armed foe on a real battlefield were they consistently unlucky.

Since the King and Badoglio cannot unconditionally submit to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt unless the whole Fascist military machine breaks down, one would have expected Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt not to have stopped war operations after Mussolini's downfall, but to have carried them on as intensively as possible, smashing the Italian war machine quickly and completely, without paying any attention to what the King or Badoglio might do in Rome. This would have been in the interest of the United Nations and of the Italian people themselves. The latter have nothing to gain from the prolongation of the present terrible condition that saddles them with all the disasters of both war and peace.

Instead of offering the Italians a "peace" which means "war with Germany on Italian soil," Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt should tell the Italians quite frankly: "Your King is tied to Germany by the ill starred alliance of May, 1939. It is to your best advantage to overthrow him and to form a provisional government which breaks away from Germany and places all Italian facilities at our disposal. If, in addition, your new government, having no obligations toward Germany, wants to participate in our war against Germany, it will be welcomed. If it prefers to abstain from war, we will not force war on it. But it must allow all those in Italy who want to do so to fight with us as volunteers against the Nazis. We intend to win this war, and we have shown you that we can win it. The sooner we win the better, for us and for you." By such a declaration, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt would stir up against the King and Badoglio not only those Italians who want peace, but also those who are willing to fight against the Germans. Every Italian volunteer who joined the armed forces of the Allies would mean decreased risk to a British or an American soldier, at a time when every kind of malodorous deal is being justified as a measure of "military expediency" aimed at "saving lives of American boys."

Or at least, if a man like Randolfo Pacciardi had not been kept idle in the United States, but had been allowed to gather around himself a few hundred volunteers, and if he and his men had been available in Sicily on the day Mussolini's collapse was announced, they might have been sent immediately to Civitavecchia, and from Civitavecchia they might have marched on Rome, perhaps unresisted. Even had they failed and been captured and executed, Italian volunteers and not American or British soldiers would have lost their lives, and the impact of the attempt would have been immense all over Italy. The adventure would have been worth a trial. The wise men of our State Department did not allow Pacciardi to go where he could have been useful. But a few hundred parachutists, dropped on Rome the night following Mussolini's dismissal, might have wrought havoc in the most important nerve centers of Italian military administration, and thrown Rome into a terrible confusion. Such an adventure also would have been worth a trial.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt are waging, in Italy, two simultaneous wars. One is aimed at achieving "unconditional surrender"; the other is aimed at preventing revolution. If unconditional surrender had

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been their only aim in invading Italy, they would have made a real revolution inevitable when moral collapse had brought about the downfall of Mussolini. *In their minds and in their actions war against revolution interferes with the war for unconditional surrender and paralyzes it.*

Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Roosevelt's line of reasoning is clear. A military *coup d'état* put Mussolini in power in October, 1922. Through another military *coup d'état* in July, 1943, the King and Badoglio have put Mussolini out of the running. Let us stop fighting them and see whether it is possible to extort "unconditional surrender" from them. To be sure, they were Mussolini's auxiliaries in the rape of Ethiopia, in the Spanish war, in the German alliance, in the rape of Albania, in the declaration of war in June, 1940, in the criminal attack on Greece. But these are peccadillos. Let bygones be bygones. If the King and Badoglio give us "unconditional surrender," they will be taken into our fold. They will be allowed to keep some troops and armaments, not enough to threaten the Allied forces while they are waging war in Italy against Germany, but enough to stamp out revolution in Italy. Under such a plan, Italian street demonstrations against war are all right until the King and Badoglio surrender, but no longer.

When one bears in mind the two different wars which are being waged by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt in Italy, one for unconditional surrender and one against revolution, one understands what at first sight did not make any sense at all during these last ten days. On July 25, the news broke that Mussolini had been unseated by Badoglio's *coup d'état;* however, the King had announced that he would cling to the German alliance, and Badoglio, that the war would go on. The OWI retorted that "the essential nature of the Fascist regime in Italy had not changed," and war would go on relentlessly against the "moronic little King" and Badoglio, the "high-ranking Fascist." In Algiers, General Eisenhower took a different attitude. He knew from experience that Darlans are to be found always and everywhere. Therefore he "commended the House of Savoy." Obviously, in the thick of the fray, there had been no consultation between Algiers and Washington, and each went his own way, Eisenhower sticking to the policy he had been instructed to follow before Mussolini's unexpected downfall, and Washington discovering that the King should be spared no more than Badoglio.

Soon hope in the King and Badoglio revived in Washington also. As a consequence, the officials of the OWI received a scolding which will go down in history. Their words, Mr. Roosevelt explained, "had imperiled the most difficult of international negotiations" besides imperiling "lives of Allied fighting men." But the fact that no official of the OWI was dismissed for imperiling these lives showed that all of them had acted under instructions from above and not by their own direction.

Mr. Churchill followed suit on July 27, taking up the cudgels not against the King and Badoglio but against "chaos and anarchy." Before the House of Commons, he announced that he did not wish "to break down the whole structure and expression of the Italian state" or "to reduce Italian life to a condition of chaos and anarchy" so that no authority would be left with whom he could deal. He did not wish "an individual surrender of every army in every district into which our troops might enter." This would force the United Nations to garrison, police and administer the whole of Italy. Unconditional surrender "should be brought about wholesale and not piecemeal." "I certainly don't wish to tread the path that might lead to execution squads and concentration camps, and, above all, to have to carry on our shoulders a lot of people who ought to be made to carry themselves." In plain words, if the King and Badoglio met Mr. Churchill's requirements, Mr. Churchill would not be interested in weakening their position. On the contrary, they would be left quite unmolested to do a dirty job which Mr. Churchill was unwilling to assume. The responsibility for stamping out "chaos and anarchy" would be left to them. As for the Italian people, they should realize that they would "be seared and scarred and blackened from one end to the other" if their government did not give in. "Let the Italians, to use a homely phrase, stew in their own juice for a bit and hot up the fire *to accelerate the process until we obtain from their governments or whoever possesses the authority,* all the indispensable requirement to carry on the war against Germany."

On July 28, hope of Badoglio's unconditional surrender seemed to vanish. That is why Mr. Roosevelt took over and announced that "we will have no truck with fascism in any way, shape or manner. We will permit no vestige of fascism to remain." But on July 30 hope had revived. Consequently Mr. Roosevelt retraced his steps and announced that he was willing to have peace dealings with any element "that was not *out-and-out* Fascist and that could prevent the country from plunging into anarchy." Whoever dealt with Mr. Roosevelt would hereby cease to be an "out-and-out Fascist," and Mr. Roosevelt would claim that he was having no truck with fascism. He had already stated a little while before that "Mussolini's *personal* Fascist regime" should go. He meant that it was not "the Fascist regime" that was doomed, but only Mussolini and those among his "personal" auxiliaries who did not betray him.

On July 31, the hopes of a deal with the King and Badoglio must have seemed near realization. Consequently, in its issue of August 1, The New York Times, which may be regarded as loyal to at least one of the factions into which the State Department is split,

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showed deep concern over "many reports of disorders in Italy." "It appears that the spirit behind these clashes is a demand for peace. *If that were all, it would be logical to suppose the disorders would end with Italy out of the war.*" But it is not sure. "*It is likely that domestic political axes are being ground and that anti-Fascist elements are seeking their own advantages.* There are evidences that Communists are heavily involved in many of the disorders. Disorder would interfere with the prosecution of the war against Hitler." Whoever, in Italy, dared to think that not only Mussolini but also those who, for twenty years, have aided and abetted him, should go with him, had become a man with a domestic axe to grind who was seeking his own advantage and was just a Communist. The technique, already used against General de Gaulle, of sniping at anyone who disturbs Mr. Roosevelt's maneuvers, began to be applied to Italian "mobs."

Between August 1 and August 2, the situation must have deteriorated as a result of Badoglio's stubbornness. As a consequence, "chaos and anarchy" had ceased to be dangerous. The Algiers radio warned the Italians that "regimes based on violence and on slavery must be eradicated and destroyed." "On this point we are adamant." "You have been betrayed by Mussolini; now Pietro Badoglio is betraying you; Mussolini's dismissal is not enough." "If you do not make your voices heard—if Badoglio does not obey your will—you will inevitably suffer all the horrors of war."

Let us unconditionally admire how gently and suavely the Italians were told not to revolt but only to make "their voices heard." As soon as their voices had been heard they should cease to speak, that is, they should submit to martial law. But if they did not succeed in making their voices heard, then they would be seared and scarred and blackened. As for the King, The New York Times has informed us in its issue of August 4 that "the Allied broadcasts from North Africa commend the House of Savoy." What a pity that such commendation never appears in the texts of the broadcasts given by the American press! While they were threatened with destruction if they did not make their voices heard, the Italians were told also that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt wanted them "to unite for peace and freedom." Peace, German bombing; freedom, Badoglio's martial law. Words have lost their meanings. By August 4, Badoglio had been dropped for good. Consequently The Times did not brand the Italian demonstrators as "mobs." Now "the Italian people and the King" were "to take matters in their own hands"; that is to say, the Italian people should confront Badoglio's machine guns until Badoglio or his successor surrendered, and then they would again sink to the level of "mobs"; and the King had to choose another Prime Minister who, after surrendering, should avoid "chaos and anarchy" by machine-gunning the "mobs."

Still, at the moment of writing (August 5), there is hope that "chaos and anarchy" might be forestalled. The Times tells us that "the Fascist Party" has to be destroyed, no more, no less; but this has to be done "to restore the authority of the monarchy and the army," as if the King and the chiefs of the army had never been hand and glove with the Fascist Party.

In conclusion, of the two wars Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt are waging in Italy—one for "unconditional surrender" and the other against "chaos and anarchy"—neither is waged against the King and the others responsible for the sufferings of the Italian people. Both wars are being waged against the Italian people.

With all due respect to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt, I dare to think that when American and British airmen bomb Italian cities, they create chaos and anarchy there. Would a Communist or Anarchist revolution of even the most extreme violence shatter the cities of Palermo, Messina, Catania, Naples, Leghorn, Milan, Turin and Rome more completely than the American and British air forces? This is war, to be sure. But since this is war, why be so squeamish about the destruction which might result from a revolution in Italy? Concern about chaos and anarchy is absent when women, children and old people are mowed down. Concern with chaos and anarchy arises only when the King of Italy is threatened by revolution. But even this concern is an intermittent one. If the King does not yield, the "people" will be bombed until the King is threatened with "chaos and anarchy." As soon as the King has yielded, "chaos and anarchy" must come to an end and the "mob" must be put down.

On the day they uttered the fateful words "unconditional surrender," Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill pronounced the doom not only of Mussolini but of the Fascist regime "wholesale and not piecemeal." They made revolution unavoidable in Italy. They can manage to embank such a revolution so as to have a democratic rather than a communist revolution. Unfortunately, they are endeavoring to patch up a by-product of the Fascist regime. As a consequence, whoever is prevented from fighting for democracy and feels forced to choose between communism and a revised edition of fascism, becomes disgusted and exasperated, and chooses communism, cursing those who force upon him such a tragic choice.

In 1859 Abraham Lincoln wrote: "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves." And on January 6, 1941, President Roosevelt, addressing Congress, said: "We know that enduring peace cannot be bought at the cost of other people's freedom." In 1859 words had not yet lost their meanings.

To be sure there is danger of chaos and anarchy in Italy. But there is also actual and utter intellectual and moral chaos and anarchy somewhere in London and in Washington.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

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Why War Production Lags

WE ARE NOT MEETING our war-production goals. In the first six months of this year we fell more than 11 percent short of the total munitions production we had scheduled. We failed to meet our goals for aircraft and naval and merchant vessels in both May and June, and records for the first twenty days of July already indicate that we shall fall even farther behind in meeting our needs for war equipment this month. Unless this trend is stopped now and these past deficiencies made up, the speed of our attack will have to be slackened and the day of our victory postponed.

Of course the appropriate high officials have offered up the appropriate grave laments and have delivered the appropriate statements to the press and the public upon the proximate causes of the failure to produce enough. Acting Secretary of War Patterson and Gen. Brehon Somervell have spoken out most strongly about the threat to our military strategy which will materialize if the slowdown continues. Donald Nelson and Charles Wilson have shown their concern over the situation by making numerous speeches addressed to the war-industry workers. Nelson particularly has made an unusually large number of radio broadcasts in the last week or so. Almost all the speeches are the same—we must not allow overoptimism to slow us down.

Charles Wilson warned that by early next year we must be turning out 40 percent more combat munitions than we are at present and that this is not going to be easy. "There was a time when we could increase production 40 percent by hiring 40 percent more workers. By next winter we may be able to increase our work force in the munitions industries by 10 or 15 percent—but that is our limit."

Perhaps the force of Patterson's and Somervell's warnings and of Nelson's and Wilson's pleas would have been greater if they had not been accompanied by a different line of talk from some industry men in the WPB and from the Office of War Mobilization itself. The business-as-usual element in the WPB has been wallowing in overconfidence for months. The seeming ease with which we invaded Sicily was all that group needed to conclude that the war was as good as won, that they could now begin to talk openly about civilian production, with more and more plants affected in the months to come. These men, from their positions in various industry branches of the WPB, have recently been spreading this attractive line among the business men with whom they deal. More and more industrialists are coming to the Office of Civilian Requirements with requests for small allocations of critical materials for research purposes, related to preparations for rapid reconversion at the earliest possible moment. Everyone is agreed on the importance of planning for speedy reconversion to minimize post-war unemployment; but many production experts are already worried about the number of first-class technicians and engineers industry is diverting from war production to reconversion "experiments" and preparations. But apparently a much more dangerous trend than this is now developing. Arthur Whiteside, of the Office of Civilian Requirements, and the other exponents of more civilian production now seem to have found their way to the ear of War Mobilizer Byrnes. The trade press, which has been ringing with joyous editorials ever since Byrnes's recent press conference in which he predicted an early resumption of certain types of civilian production, is now pointing out that the armed forces had undoubtedly overordered on certain items and that cancellation of those orders would release a considerable amount of plant capacity for civilian uses.

But production is down. Immediate military needs are up. What is wrong and what can be done about it?

I spent last week collecting answers to these questions from officials of both high and low degree in all parts of the war-production program. Aside from the more nebulous ones of morale, overconfidence and the like, the most frequently cited explanations were: shortages of materials, of facilities, of labor, of certain critical components; design and model problems; and inefficient management. What is the relation of these supposed factors to the present slowdown?

1. Materials. The available supply of materials did not hold down production during May and June and will not impede the schedules this month. In aluminum, for instance, there has been an actual surplus of aluminum ingot.

2. Facilities. Facilities shortages, it is estimated, might account for one percent of the 11-percent deficit in our first six months' production this year. For the most part, however, facilities hold-ups are negligible. War construction is a little ahead of schedule, and the peak of the plant-construction program is passed.

3. Manpower. It is generally admitted that there is still no over-all labor shortage. But the fact remains that aircraft plants, brass mills and plants producing ship engines and other vital components have been and are being held back by labor shortages. The War Manpower Commission has dealt timidly and inefficiently with the job assigned to it, but back of its poor performance is the fact that administration policies on wages and civilian production have made the manpower job almost impossible to perform. Persuasive as Paul McNutt is, it is hard to make a 40-cent-an-hour job look as attractive as a 60 or 70-cent one, even when the former is wrapped up in the flag.

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4. Critical Components. The review of schedules for critical common components promised so many months ago by the WPB has not yet been made. Charles Wilson and his staff continue to troubleshoot on individual bottleneck items, and at the present time there do not seem to be any outstanding short circuits from this quarter, although aircraft, 100-octane gas and escort-vessel production all still suffer from occasional shortages.

5. Design and Model Problems. These are constant and cannot be considered a major factor in the present slowdown.

6. Management. There are some who think that incompetent management is a big factor in the present lag. Labor utilization and plant utilization are still matters over which the WMC and the WPB exercise no real control. WPB supervision of management methods might remove some inefficiencies which could be tolerated earlier but cannot be now.

Of these six explanations, manpower is by far the most important. But there is another more pervasive, more intangible cause of our present production troubles.

Complacency. Among war workers in many cases, yes. But, much more important, within the ranks of our war-production chiefs in Washington. The Boeing plant at Seattle is producing 30 less bombers a month now than it did a short time ago. That is bad, these men agree, but still they are quick to point out that our Air Forces are getting approximately 4,500 planes a month—which is more than the total production of Germany, Japan and Italy. Ten thousand planes a month by the end of this year was the goal we set for ourselves, but the complacents in our leadership find less than half our aim something to brag about.

Why? The stage of war-production miracles has passed. As Donald Nelson has put it: "Now even relatively small additional gains on some items can be obtained only by efforts far more intensive than anything in our previous experience. . . . America is now in the stratosphere of production, and to reach higher altitudes requires supercharging." The summer optimists know that supercharging means imposing further controls on both labor and management, and they prefer to believe that we need not seek the stratosphere to overwhelm our enemies. They prefer to take a chance on winning with less than enough munitions rather than accept the drastic measures that would be necessary to obtain the production of enough. Hold production of civilian goods down to the barest minimum, concentrate the necessary civilian production in non-war-production localities regardless of established trade arrangements, control allocation of manpower completely—these steps are necessary parts of the "supercharging" required for reaching the stratosphere of production. To take them means radical changes in the present business structure. Not to take them is to leave our fighting men less than fully supplied for their jobs.

HELEN FULLER

Behind the Harlem Riot

A FEW WEEKS before Harlem burst into flames on Sunday night, August 1, a young Negro who had just received his gold bars from an Officers' Candidate School in a Southern state came to see me. His face beamed with modest pride and love of country as he told of raising his hand to take the oath as an officer of the United States Army to protect his country with his life.

"Ten minutes later I boarded the bus to Washington along with some of my fellow officers—white boys from Georgia, Mississippi and Arkansas. We were all so excited and happy over winning our commissions that I forgot we were still in the South," he said. His trim, immaculately clad body sagged and a cloud came over his face as he told me of what happened then.

"Hey, all nigras sit in the back of the bus!" the bus driver yelled at him.

"I made up my mind right then that I had taken the last insult from crackers I was going to take," the Negro officer told me grimly.

"If I had to die for democracy, I decided that there was no better time or place than right then. I told the driver I was not going to sit in any jim-crow section and that if he was man enough to make me do so, he would have to do it. I sat down in the 'white' section and rode into Washington."

No clash or tragedy occurred in this instance, possibly because the white Southern companions of the Negro officer came to his defense. But multiply this episode by many thousands. Include in it the story of New York's famed 369th Regiment which has done an excellent job as an anti-aircraft unit "somewhere in the Pacific." Two hundred and twelve picked officers and men were returned to the United States to act as cadres in the training of new units. They were sent to Camp Stewart, Georgia, where, in the camp as well as on buses going into Savannah and in Savannah itself, a long succession of indignities were heaped upon these men to "teach these Northern Negroes their place."

Naturally these soldiers wrote to their relatives and friends in New York. Harlem newspapers published the stories. They became another segment of many other tales from Southern camps such as the killing by a Louisiana state policeman of Raymond Carr, a Negro

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MP, when Carr refused to leave his post of duty at the order of a white civil policeman. Only after enormous pressure was the policeman punished. His punishment consisted of a one-day suspension.

Last May 29 Judge William H. Hastie and Thurgood Marshall submitted a report on civilian violence against Negro soldiers to the National Lawyers' Guild, which in turn formally placed it before the War and Justice Departments. It was pointed out that recurrent violence in the civilian community directed against Negro members of the armed forces had increased in seriousness, in frequency and in the lack of any effective methods of control since a similar study had been made in November, 1942. The report grimly stated:

> Civilian violence against the Negro in uniform is a recurrent phenomenon. It continues unabated. It may well be the greatest factor now operating to make 13,000,000 Negroes bitter and resentful and to undermine the fighting spirit of three-quarters of a million Negroes in arms. Yet, no effective steps are being taken and no vigorous, continuing and comprehensive program of action has been inaugurated by state or federal authorities to stamp out this evil. . . . To address a Negro soldier as 'nigger' is such a commonplace in the average Southern community that little is said about it. But the mounting rage of the soldier himself is far from commonplace. He may not express his feelings when he must wait until all the white passengers are accommodated before he can get transportation. He may even hold his tongue when he is forced to get out of the bus in which he is seated in order to make room for white passengers. But it is of such stuff that bitterness and hatred are made. In such a climate resentments grow until they burst forth in violent and unreasoning reprisal.

This prophetic statement is carefully documented with specific instances similar to the Raymond Carr case. Among them was recited the killing of Sgt. Thomas Foster, a Negro soldier, in March, 1943, by a city policeman in the streets of Little Rock, Arkansas. Foster was shot and killed while lying dazed on the ground. After killing Foster, the policeman calmly returned his revolver to its holster, took out his pipe and lit it. In July, 1942, city police officers of Beaumont, Texas, fired several shots into the body of a Negro soldier, Pvt. Charles Reco, who had been arrested on complaint of a bus driver because Reco sat under a sign dividing the seating between whites and Negroes. His body was behind the sign in the jim-crow section; his knees in front of it. To avoid trouble, Reco left the bus and was overtaken by the policeman, who hit him with a blackjack from behind and then fired into his prostrate body. Attorney General Francis Biddle issued a strong statement and promised vigorous federal action. But later the Department of Justice abandoned prosecution because there was "no prospect of conviction." The Guild report adds wryly: "This is not the first time that the Department of Justice has lost its ardor for action in Texas. In the circumstances, we can only hope that the extraordinary power of the Texas delegate to Congress has no relationship to the mental vagaries of the Department of Justice."

Other killings of Negro soldiers were cited in El Paso, Texas; Mobile, Alabama; Columbia, South Carolina; and other places.

It is out of this sad record that the shooting, not without justification, of Robert J. Bandy, a Negro MP, in a Harlem hotel by a white policeman on Sunday night, August 1, provided the spark which set off the explosion created by bitter, smoldering resentment against the mistreatment of Negro soldiers which was all the more dangerous because it had been pent up and frustrated. A five-minute shift in Private Bandy's movements that sultry Sunday might have averted one of the most destructive riots in American history, which took a toll of five lives, injured 307 and caused damage estimated to be in excess of $5,000,000. Bandy came to New York from a New Jersey camp to meet his mother, who had come down from Middletown, Connecticut, to spend Sunday with him and his fiancée. Bandy's mother checked out of the hotel around four o'clock in the afternoon and then set out with her son and his friend for dinner and a moving-picture show. It was an unfortunate, gratuitous circumstance that they returned to the hotel to pick up the mother's luggage just as an altercation developed when a policeman sought to eject an obstreperous Negro woman.

Bandy intervened, so the story goes, in an attempt to defend the woman. During the altercation he is alleged to have seized Policeman James Collins' night stick and to have struck the policeman across the cheekbone. He then turned away, refusing to obey the order to halt. The policeman drew his gun and fired, hitting Bandy in the left shoulder. Within a few minutes, the story had spread like wildfire throughout Harlem that a Negro soldier had been shot in the back and killed by a policeman in the presence of his mother. Blind, unreasoning fury swept the community with the speed of lightning. The available symbols of the oppressor, as was the case in Detroit's East Side, were the shining plate-glass windows of stores along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. At the beginning, there was no looting. Nothing but blind fury was expressed. Later, from the more poverty-stricken areas of Harlem, poured those who entered the stores through the broken windows and began looting. Their acts were criminal and unforgivable. But let him who would criticize pause long enough to put himself in the place of the looters. Still barred from many defense industries in the area because of color, with dark memories of the depression years when 70 percent of Harlem was on relief because Negroes are hired last and there were not enough jobs for white workers, hemmed in a ghetto where they are forced to pay disproportionately high rents for rat and vermin-infested apartments, the Bigger Thomases of

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New York passed like a cloud of locusts over the stores of Harlem.

But the usual pattern of riots did not obtain. I spent the night touring the district with Mayor LaGuardia, Police Commissioner Valentine and residents of the Harlem community. Mayor LaGuardia was on the scene a few minutes after the trouble started and remained there, as did Commissioner Valentine, without sleep or sufficient food until daybreak Tuesday.

The Mayor and the Police Commissioner did not content themselves with bringing in policemen and anti-mob paraphernalia. Even before the policemen poured in, Mayor LaGuardia called all the leaders of public opinion in Harlem who could be reached. A small board of strategy was set up. One of the first steps taken was to request the army to send Negro as well as white MP's into the area, and to have them perform their duties of rounding up military personnel in the riot area, in mixed units instead of separate ones. This had a calming effect on the community.

All during the night Negroes known to the people of Harlem broadcast from sound trucks exploding the false rumor that Bandy had been killed and urging the people to return to their homes and to stop vandalism and other violent acts. Coupled with this was the magnificent restraint and efficiency of the police. Daylight saw the diminution of violence. An exhausted community, its fury spent, was shocked at the damage done. Decent members of the community, most of whom had slept through the night unaware of what had taken place, were appalled. Condemnation far more severe than any person outside the community could utter was voiced in increasing volume throughout Harlem against the acts of irresponsible, criminal persons.

How different was Detroit! There a weak Mayor hid while Negroes were beaten on the steps of the City Hall itself. New York's Mayor was in the thick of the trouble, often at great personal risk. During the early morning hours, a report came to the Twenty-eighth Precinct in One Hundred and Twenty-third Street that a mob of whites was forming down near the New York Central's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station. Refusing to wait long enough for Police Commissioner Valentine to supply him with a patrol car of policemen to protect him, the ebullient Mayor bundled me into a one-seater police car in which we were sped to the section. We found the rumor to be utterly false.

Returning, we came through Lenox Avenue, where there was looting. Regardless of personal danger, the Mayor shouted, "Put that stuff down," to a group of youthful vandals. Utterly startled, they dropped what they had in their hands and fled.

New York's Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine provided an equally sharp contrast to Detroit's Commissioner Witherspoon. Even more remarkable was the attitude of the police themselves. All during Sunday night and early Monday morning, thousands of police poured into the Twenty-eighth Precinct straight from eight hours of duty. Prior to being sent out on the streets they were herded into an insufferably hot squad room where a single drinking fountain served us all. During all those troubled hours, I heard not one word about "niggers," as I had heard so frequently in Detroit, nor was there any other manifestation of racial animosity. They were out to do a job of restoring order, and it was all in the day's work.

But though New York City acquitted itself nobly and established a pattern of procedure which should guide both it and other cities in future outbreaks, stopping a riot quickly and efficiently is only a small part of the problem involved. The weight of sustained and unceasing public opinion must activate the federal government, and particularly the army, the navy and the Department of Justice, to stop, at whatever cost, the unchecked brutality against Negro servicemen which has cursed the country. Within the various cities themselves, ghettos must be abolished, along with the evils attendant upon segregation and proscription.

New York had another riot in 1935. Mayor LaGuardia appointed a bi-racial commission which held hearings and submitted a report which included recommendations that might have prevented, or at least made less likely and less destructive, the riot of August 1, 1943. But unfortunately, the report was never made public and most of its recommendations were unheeded. It is to be hoped that this mistake will not be made again.

WALTER WHITE

Who Wakes

Detroit, June, 1943

Who wakes now who lay blind with sleep?
Who starts, bright-eyed with anger from his bed?
I do. I, the plain citizen. I cannot sleep.
I hold the torturing fire in my head.

I, an American, call the dead Negro's name
And in the hot dark of the city night
I walk the streets alone and sweat with shame.
Too late to rise, to raise the dead too late.

This is the harvest. The seeds sown long ago—
The careless word, sly thought, excusing glance.
I reap now everything that I let pass, let go:
This is the harvest of my own indifference.

I, the plain citizen, have grown disorder
In my own world. It is not what I meant.
But dreams and images are potent and can murder.
I stand accused of them. I am not innocent.

Can I now plant imagination, honesty
And love where violence and terror were unbound,
The images of hope, the dream's responsibility?

Those who died here were murdered in my mind.

MAY SARTON

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Washington Notes

Spangler as Colonel Blimp

HARRISON E. SPANGLER is the Republican Party's Colonel Blimp. He is rotund and red-faced and swells so with wrath when the New Deal is mentioned that he actually seems to get bigger. Mr. Spangler, an Iowa state committeeman, hadn't expected to be picked as party chairman last December out at St. Louis, and nobody else expected it either. Now that he has the job which puts the Old Guard in charge of party machinery right through the 1944 convention, he is prouder of it than of anything else in his life.

To be quite candid about it, nobody really wanted Spangler. Willkie's veto was responsible for him, just as it was responsible for the watered-down declaration on internationalism at the earlier Chicago meeting. Willkie in each case intervened to try to get something better, and took a compromise to prevent something worse. There is a portent here of what a Willkie administration might be.

At the St. Louis meeting isolationists wanted Werner Schroeder as national chairman, and internationalists wanted vigorous young Frederick Baker of Seattle. In the first ballot Schroeder and Baker tied, 40 votes each; Spangler got 15; the precious Mr. Gannett got 3, and a man named Mattingly, 1. On the second ballot, Baker got 43, Schroeder 38, Spangler 15, Gannett 5 and Mattingly 1. So then the party leaders took a two-hour recess and when they returned Schroeder and Baker, arms intertwined and faces wreathed in smiles, marched forward and gayly withdrew in favor of guess who—Our Harrison.

In other words, Mr. Spangler did not represent the first choice of anybody. He represented Willkie's veto of somebody else. Willkie won, in a sense, and yet the compromise itself was a sorry thing. It revealed the line that GOP policy always takes. Spangler symbolizes Republican "harmony"—the harmony that in 1920 gave the nation an obscure man named Harding, whose virtue was that he hadn't offended anybody. Spangler hadn't offended anybody either. Spangler and the Spanglerites will try to get somebody who hasn't offended anybody, as nominee in 1944.

Mr. Spangler is, of course, an Old Guard conservative, whose mind goes back to Coolidge-Hoover, and whose heart belongs to McKinley. I am considering him here as a symbol and a portent. I wish to discuss Mr. Spangler in the light of three recent events, and the shadow of a fourth.

The Republicans are split. There is the Old Guard group, which almost certainly can't win the election by itself, and there is the Willkie group. Old Guardsmen detest Willkie. They made no secret of that at Chicago and St. Louis. They called reporters aside and shouted with laughter over the latest anti-Willkie gibes. This doesn't mean that Willkie may not be nominated. After all, his book has sold more than a million copies. Bryan was too strong with the public for the party bosses to prevent his nomination. And Willkie already has a veto on the nomination, just as he did on The Chicago Tribune's isolationist resolution, and on the St. Louis Schroeder nomination. But it does mean that if Willkie *is* nominated, and elected, the Old Guard will have a veto on him, too, and will frustrate him and knife him, just as it did Teddy Roosevelt. That is, provided Mr. Willkie continues on the liberal track. There are a dozen different Mr. Willkies and which one would be elected President is anybody's guess.

But let us return to Our Harrison and the three incidents. The first came when Deneen A. Watson's anti-isolationist Republican group called on Spangler, week before last. Mr. Spangler met them urbanely. But they found on his desk letters from the Midwest, charging that they were trying to split the party. Mr. Spangler refused, after the conference, to hold a joint press session with this liberal Republican wing. Asked point-blank by a reporter afterwards if he thought Watson was trying to disrupt the party, Mr. Spangler merely said he had no evidence of it. He didn't say No.

Then there was the bumbling Spangler reaction to the Roosevelt radio address, with its six-point mustering-out program for veterans. Roosevelt's was a perfectly legitimate speech, in the course of which he grabbed off about the best possible post-war political issue. The Old Guard hadn't given the matter a thought; they regard advance planning as dangerous and radical. Caught without any demobilization plan of his own, Mr. Spangler was intensely angry, and scared, too. His reaction was typical: he demanded that a whole cluster of telegrams be sent out to all the American armed forces, all over the world, telling the troops that the Republicans were going to be just as generous as the Democrats—or more so—and that the President's radio talk was a fourth-term bid.

On this second matter, Mr. Spangler certainly succeeded in pointing out the political effectiveness, direct or oblique, of the Roosevelt speech, but his proposed remedy received an almost universally unsympathetic response, even from his own newspapers. An even less kind reception awaited the third Spangler thrust.

In a formal statement from Republican GHQ, dated July 29, obviously concocted by the brooding Mr. Spangler and bright young GOP publicity man Jim Selvage, an ex-NAM public-relations officer, it was explained that Gov. Alf Landon in his projected reply to Vice President Wallace, had rejected the same radio time on a subsequent Sunday afternoon that Wallace had used. Why? Because Mr. Landon "has a lifelong conviction that the Sabbath Day is not the proper day for political talks. It's a Fascist habit, you know, to hold meetings and start fights on Sunday."

And so, my friends, the great Spangler Sunday-politics issue is injected right into the midst of the 1944 election, although here it is, still 1943. You can see what a wallop *that* was.

That is the picture of Our Mr. Spangler. He is not really important in himself—he is only important in what he represents. The September 6 Mackinac Island Republican conference looms ahead, where some statement on international affairs will be in order. Mr. Spangler and friends will be on hand. They will act as midwives. They will seek party harmony: that is the great objective. Party harmony produced Harding; party harmony produced Spangler. Party harmony may produce victory in 1944.

Washington T. R. B.

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Soldiers' Plays

The Army Play by Play. Five prize-winning pieces from the Soldiers' One-Act Playwriting Contest. Martin Beck Theatre, August 2, 1943.

FIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS, written, acted, directed and provided with their décor by soldiers in our army are being shown for two weeks—let us hope for longer—at the Martin Beck Theatre and under the kindly hand and prize-awarding wings of Mr. John Golden. There was a single night of these some weeks ago, heavily accompanied by heavy celebrities, and more than $100,000 for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club resulted. Mrs. Roosevelt spoke, and Mr. Golden thinks that "Major Gen. Thomas A. Terry, USA, has summed up the consensus of opinion on the merits and value of 'The Army Play by Play' by saying that 'it is is more than an evening's entertainment for a worthy benefit—it is proof of the creative talent that can be found in the average man in the Service. Today's enlisted man is original, clear-thinking and active.' "

Since this is not a theatre war, we need not trouble ourselves over the credentials of a Major Gen. as drama critic. At any rate, creative talent on the average is not exactly what this evening at the Martin Beck discloses, otherwise we might be troubled as to just how creative the war wanted us to be. Activity yes, but originality and thinking are not the characteristics most displayed in "The Army Play by Play."

The fact is that this most agreeable and lovable evening wins by quite another appeal. The quality throughout is that of good fellows and naturally clean impulses and natural decency of taste in fellowship and mutual conduct. These are welcome and dear elements. The whole evening goes through with a certain innocence and verve, a brightness, youth and an implicit longing for relief from what is sordid and ugly, however necessary in the pursuit of war. It is an evening to be recommended to almost everybody, an entertainment that is warming, fresh and decent, and very much to the army's credit.

There are five plays, of which the first on the program, "Where E'er We Go"—preceded by a tightly worded "Wartime Lullaby" by Mrs. General Drum, tightly sung by Soloist PFC Keith Davis, 1204th SCSU, to be followed later on by a lyric of President Wilson's—took the first prize. The second prize went to Lt. Ralph Nelson for "Mail Call." "Button Your Lip," by PFC Irving Gaynor Neiman, took the third prize. The fourth prize went to PFC Alfred D. Geto for "Pack Up Your Troubles," and Cpl. Kurt Kasznar's "First Cousins" came next.

It is hard to recommend this program at the Martin Beck without implying the parental, patronizing or ladies' day; but the adventure can be recommended, nevertheless, even to hardened Broadway sinners. There is something convincing about the whole event, as if this might very well be, as claimed, a group of plays put on as the men might put them on in any army camp. And there is something young and good all through what they present to us as an evening's entertainment. The best of the pieces, or the most moving at least, seems to me to be Lt. Ralph Nelson's "Mail Call." The best acting is that of Cpl. Irving J. Engelman in "Button Your Lip," a genuine comic who, as things go, might some day remind us of old days and Joe Weber.

Taking the plays on a more highty-tighty, or exacting, ground, we might well wonder at their lack of violent problems, passionate forms of reaction to the experience of the war, or ferocity of emotion, lyricism and despair. To this we may answer that the selection from the plays presented may have something to do with that: bitter or violent pieces were not chosen. But a better answer very likely will be found in a fact that we see evinced all about us: few people talk of the war at all; there may be a patter on Washington subjects or columnists or radio babbling, soaps, breads, gasoline and rubber, but even that patter is rare and slight. Just where the discussions, theories, ideals and urgencies concerning the great war reside for the average American citizen is anybody's guess. It is small wonder then that these soldier plays are not shaken with thought or ideologies. For that matter they are not even naughty very often, or anything like so careful as are Mr. Maxwell Anderson's and other Broadway war plays to observe the obscenities. These young soldiers very likely know that there are many forms of the truth. STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

American troops racing into Sicilian towns are invariably greeted by two cries, "Viva Americanos" and "Let's hang the mayor." – *From PM.*

Lady Astor in a statement to the Board of Trade said, "I had no idea I was doing anything wrong and certainly nothing to impede the war effort." – *AP dispatch from London to The Baltimore Sun on the fining of Lady Astor for a violation of British rationing regulations.*

The Councilmanic Committee head [Hart] also said the city printed 250,000 tickets for a Sanitation Department-Police Department baseball game to be sold at $1.10 each, for a park that seats only 70,000. He implied this was dishonest. – *From The New York Daily Mirror.*

A graduate of Utah University and a former school teacher in Salt Lake City, Masaoka made an eloquent appeal for the Japanese in the United States.

"All we want is a Chinaman's chance," he said. – *From an account of the congressional inquiry into Japanese relocation problems, in The Chicago Tribune.*

That All-Out Effort

Chicago traffic is getting the "V for victory" symbol with its stop and go signs. All city traffic policemen have been ordered to part their fingers in V signs while gesturing. – *From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Total-War Department

WMC Chairman Paul V. McNutt said "guests, too, will be expected to assume much of the labor wherever possible, such as pouring their own drinking water and serving themselves cold dishes from buffets." – *Directions to restaurants in labor-shortage areas as reported in The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

For an Enduring Peace

SIR: "After this war, we'll have to fight Red Russia for the domination of Europe-America. After that, we whites will have to fight Yellow Asia for the domination of the world." Such ominous predictions make table talk all over the country. Already we see emerging the frightful features of future wars.

Today this country—and the world—is torn between two factions. On one side, neo-isolationism, determined to emasculate every proposal for an effective and enduring peace. Arrayed against it . . . stands the belief that effective democratic world organization can prevent future wars and give peace and justice to all nations and races.

International anarchy v. international order—which shall prevail? One thing is certain: Mere wishing for the right cannot make it prevail. Only . . . organized mass action . . . on a nationwide scale, under coördinated leadership [can be effective]. Only by such concerted action can we hope to exert pressure on obstructionists in Congress; uphold the hands of President Roosevelt, Henry Wallace and the liberals in the State Department; and defeat neo-isolationism.

The American Free World Association (8 West Fortieth Street, New York 18) requests you to enlist in such an organized, nationwide campaign for world order and world peace. We are projecting local branches in every community in the country, mass letter-writing campaigns to key neo-isolationists in Congress, pressure campaigns against them in their own congressional districts and educational campaigns in every community.

The scales are so delicately balanced that your individual effort may help to decide the future. And your failure to act—now—tips the scales against us.

JACOB E. HELLER, Treasurer,
New York City American Free World Association

Business and the Post-War World

SIR: In your issue of July 26, Miss Helen Fuller ("Look Who's Planning!") damns business men in the Committee for Economic Development because they are now trying to do what they were criticized for *not* doing during the depression, when they refused to admit that they were under any obligation to maintain employment.

Let's admit that the business men may be motivated largely by enlightened selfishness. They are realists. They know that the nation will not tolerate any further long periods of unemployment. If they cannot provide the employment, they know that government will. So they are making plans now to create full production. At long last, business men are accepting the social obligations which rest with them, and why are their motives more suspect than those of the politicians, who, by the way, have not agreed on any post-war plan? They are business men large *and* small, with the big ones turning their research laboratories over to the small ones who have no such facilities.

Miss Fuller doesn't like the connection between the CED and the government, but isn't it heartening that business men are trying the somewhat novel experiment of working *with* government instead of opposing everything connected with the Roosevelt administration? Furthermore, government's connection should assure proper policing. She says that Chairman Folsom "comes from a company, Eastman Kodak, which has been a leader in NAM affairs for many years," that *his* boss is a trustee of the University of Rochester, "whose president and Dean of Medicine were both active members of America First." Is *that* evidence? I say it's a smear.

She says that planning for full production here is "as truly isolationist as was the America First movement." How come? Of course there will be *international* planning, but there must also be local planning, and I know from close observation of the CED movement that the members are determined not to let 1929-33 happen again. Most business men are just as anxious as Miss Fuller to have a better world after the war—and for others as well as for themselves.

PHILIP SALISBURY, Executive Editor,
New York City Sales Management Magazine

A Correction

SIR: As an old and regular reader of The New Republic, I wish to point out certain inaccuracies in reporting in the article by Potomacus, "Goodbye, Mr. Maxon" [July 26].

1. My husband, Paul M. O'Leary, has never been "guilty of academic relations" with Princeton or Brookings Institution.

2. He never petitioned Mr. Brown to remove Mr. Maxon, neither did he ever clear any plans, orders or instructions through Mr. Maxon, since he recognized him only as Deputy Administrator in charge of Information, the position to which Mr. Maxon was appointed.

3. He has not resigned or been forced out, but at the moment of this writing is still Deputy Administrator in charge of Rationing.

Washington, D. C. HARRIET B. O'LEARY

SIR: Before the July 26 issue appeared—but too late to correct proofs—Potomacus was happy to learn that Mr. O'Leary's resignation had not been accepted. As for the academic guilt and the petition for Mr. Maxon's removal, that was a couple of other people—Messrs. Galbraith and Rowe—who were grouped with Mr. O'Leary in newspaper accounts. Potomacus regrets not checking these reports more carefully.

Washington, D. C. POTOMACUS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Everett D. Phelps, of Northfield, Minnesota, informs us that the Northfield American Legion Post No. 84 has protested vigorously to the national leadership for publishing an article by Frederick G. Murray in the June issue of The National Legionnaire. The article recommended wholesale deportation of all Japanese, regardless of their loyalty, from the continental United States. The Northfield Legion Post drew up a resolution protesting the use of their national magazine "to foster racial hatred . . . in violation of the Constitution," and urging the magazine to publish a retraction.

From Malcolm A. Green, of Austin, Texas: "Out of the great flood of humanity spawned upon the earth, now and then a man is born. Such a one is our own beloved, courageous and socially minded Vice President, Henry A. Wallace. . . ."

Chaplain Jacob M. Ott reports that most of his men were "shockingly disturbed" by the Detroit race riots. " . . . What crazed, maddening lust drove these people to murder?" he asks. "When will the citizenry realize that the roots of our fighting men are at home?"

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Books in Review

"Duce, Duce!"

IT WAS always hard to feel the same hatred for Mussolini that one will never cease feeling for Hitler. Even his most sinister exploits had a saving touch of the ridiculous: in Spain it was the flight from Guadalajara. His invasion of France began like "The Revenger's Tragedy," but it turned to burlesque in the second act when his armies were beaten by inferior forces in the mountains of Savoy. Then came the enormous farce of the Greek generals who were supposed to surrender but refused to stay bribed. Everybody howled with laughter, except the Italian soldiers who, instead of marching to Athens, lost their limbs from frostbite in the Albanian hills. When Mussolini's daughter, playing the part of Florence Nightingale, asked one of them if he recognized her, he rose on his elbow and spat in her face. But to people far from the battle, Mussolini was like the heavily moustached villain of a Mack Sennett comedy, who tries to stab the hero in the back, but slips on a banana peel and falls with his face in a custard pie.

After the first few years, nobody thought of Hitler in that fashion. He was not only too evil and too successful, but also too foreign to our experience. Perhaps we had met people of his type—we might have heard them talking behind a grocery counter or on park benches—but we had never before seen one of them able to impose his ideas on the world. The man who hears voices, who yields to fits of rage or hysteria, who preaches a crazy philosophy and believes in it, is not our picture of a modern European statesman. He seems like something exhumed from an Assyrian ruin or like one of our own nightmares walking. Mussolini is a European in the familiar tradition—that is, he is vain, ambitious, cultured, realistic and skeptical. Hitler was impressed on their first meeting by his knowledge of history and philosophy; for once the oracle listened. Mussolini was impressed by the German war machine. What he thought about Hitler himself is not on record, but perhaps his son-in-law Count Ciano spoke for the family when he said, with a mixture of fear and contempt, "That man believes in his own atrocity stories." Mussolini used to believe in almost nothing and hardly even in himself.

The regime that he gave Italy for twenty years was conceived as a stage spectacle. Parades, speeches, uniforms, architecture, armament and even colonial policy were matters of dramatic effect. His admirals complained that they could get a new battleship out of Mussolini easier than they could get crews to man the old ones; a new battleship was drama. In Rome, all the spontaneous demonstrations were planned and rehearsed. If you watched the newsreels, you could see that the applause was started by a handsome Blackshirt, always the same man. Mussolini himself had the attitude of a theatrical producer, mixed with that of a matinee idol or sometimes of a popular clown. Straddling a tank that was surrounded by a square of bristling bayonets, he would shout to the crowd, "Tempered as we are by the fascist climate, we will adorn the points of our bayonets with the oak and laurel of victory."

"Duce, Duce, Duce!" the crowd roared back.

On this occasion, John T. Whitaker was standing beside the tank. He saw Mussolini bend down and heard him say in a low voice to Ciano, "Is that hot enough for them, or shall I make it hotter?" Then the clenched fist rose again, the chin jutted out, the eyes popped and Mussolini went on with his speech. He was not surprised or deeply resentful when people made fun of him. "It seems that the French find me ridiculous," he said one day to Henri de Kerillis, who wasn't quick at lying and said nothing. Mussolini gave his own answer: "But they thought Napoleon was ridiculous too."

When he entertained a guest in his family circle, he was like a famous actor at home, trying to be completely natural and to prove that he wasn't impressed by his own mummery. Kerillis reports that he would overwhelm the guest with compliments, then launch into vehement, erratic and sometimes brilliant monologues. Often he made what Kerillis describes as "astonishing sallies," though most of the astonishment disappears when they are set down in print. "Italy was sleeping," he used to say. "She had been sleeping for sixteen centuries, and for sixteen centuries she had lost her taste for glory. I gave it back to her." He said, "I shall make my own life a masterpiece." His favorite proverb was, "I would rather live the life of a lion for one day than the life of a sheep for a hundred years."

Unlike Hitler, who is absolutely sincere but lies to everybody, including himself, Mussolini was insincere but preferred to tell the truth. Having no one he could trust among the Italians, he often spoke frankly to foreigners, including newspaper correspondents. For example, he explained to Whitaker in 1937 just why he was going to form an alliance with Hitler. "Germany will be so strong," he said, "that no combination of powers in the world can stand against her. Look at your contemptible democracies. . . . Instead of a policy you have a hope—especially you Anglo-Saxons with your inevitably pious, puritanical wishfulness—that the Nazis and the Fascists will become embroiled. Bah! My dear fellow, I won't do it for you." Mussolini was revealing his plans, but no British or French or American diplomat would believe him.

Many people have mentioned his deep melancholy, so incongruous in its setting that it suggests the atmosphere of "I Pagliacci." It must have been caused by a mixture of loneliness, disillusionment and the fear of sudden death. His brother Arnaldo, who died some years ago, had been his only friend; Ciano was a poor and frivolous substitute. He had dismissed his Jewish mistress, Margherita Sarfatti, when she became middle-aged and ugly. His daughter Edda was busy proving, Whitaker says, "that one can be a dipsomaniac and a nymphomaniac at the same time." At least five attempts had been made on his life. Once a diplomat told him about watching an army review in Red Square and seeing Stalin continually wipe perspira-

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tion from his hands with a handkerchief. Mussolini said, "Ah, so Stalin, too, knows what it is to sweat with fear."

His only escape from loneliness and fear was by exercising his power over men or by taking a new mistress. In his last years as dictator—he had once been more sedate—he would interrupt the sessions of the Italian Cabinet by cackling and exclaiming, "I have a girl every night." Some of his diplomatic and military adventures must have been conducted as a desperate flight from himself. And yet, by the standards of modern dictators, he was not particularly cruel, for all the thousands of political prisoners in his jails (we found and released 2,000 in Palermo alone). Hitler is not only morally but legally responsible for millions of murders; if the court asked for evidence, a pile of human bones could be produced from Polish graveyards as high and wide as Hitler's Chancellery; and all of them would be the bones of harmless civilians. If Mussolini lives until he is brought to trial, I can think of only a few capital charges that can be proved against him; his two most famous crimes were the murder of Matteotti and the assassination of King Alexander and Louis Barthou. He committed much worse deeds, but there is no formal statute that covers them. To stab your neighbor in the back is not punishable by common law, if your neighbor is a nation.

It is a real question whether he wanted to go to war with France and England, considering that all his instinctive sympathies were with the West. By that time, however, he had become the absolute prisoner of the role he had chosen to play. It is true that he tried to preserve the illusion of freedom: for example, he told one correspondent in confidence that he might turn radical again and confiscate the big estates, but anyone could have guessed that he was boasting. His formal alliance with Hitler, signed in May, 1939, had an escape clause that comforted Mussolini; it provided that Italy need not fight if the war began in less than three years. But when the Germans invaded Poland in September, the Italian dictator had no real choice. He was driven to war by the logic of his own arguments, by his past abuse of the democracies, by his judgment of German military strength, by his need for conquests to support his regime, by the clamor of the Blackshirts who had been reading his newspapers (and had also been bribed with German money, just as Mussolini himself had bribed the Cagoulards in France)—in a word, by the whole system he had created.

In the Piazza Venezia, the crowd roared, "Duce, Duce!" for almost the last time.

A curious paradox was revealed when Italy went to war. Mussolini, the great showman, had believed that he could fool everybody except himself. He had believed that he could inflame the Italian people while remaining cool, skeptical and utterly realistic. The billboards screamed, "Mussolini is always right," *ha sempre ragione*, but in private the dictator made fun of his legend. "A man in my position," he told Emil Ludwig, "must be stupid at least once a week." In the end, however, it was Mussolini who believed in the legend. He began playing his role of Caesar even when he had no audience, exactly like some aged actor who confuses the stage and the world. He became so used to scowling and thrusting out his lips in public that he made the same gestures in private; his face assumed the permanent look of a man making a bombastic speech. He lived his bombast; he was fooled by his bombast; and meanwhile the Italian people remained as skeptical and disillusioned as Mussolini in his prime. It even loved liberty, as Mussolini had loved it in his early prison days.

For twenty years, Italian politics had been a stage spectacle. Mussolini had been playing the heroic role, that of the almost superhuman leader. But the Fascist crowd that cheered him had also been playing a group of parts, those of the faithful retainers, and playing them in exactly the same spirit. These bit parts paid only small salaries, with contemptible little bribes, and they received no mention from the dramatic critics. When the show business began to go bankrupt, the crowd was quick to abandon them. I am not thinking of the Italian people as a whole, but chiefly of the Fascist Party and the Blackshirt Militia. Mussolini might as well have gone to war with an army composed of supers from the Milan opera house.

I proved to be a dilatory reader of John T. Whitaker's book, "We Cannot Escape History" (Macmillan, $2.75). It was published on March 9, but it hasn't gone stale like most of the other books by foreign correspondents; Whitaker has too keen a sense of historical perspective. He covers a lot of ground—the European continent, in fact—and sometimes his information is spread pretty thin, as in the section dealing with Russia. But the Spanish chapter is magnificent, and the first of the two Italian chapters is a very convincing behind-the-scenes portrait of Mussolini. The second is such an accurate forecast of and guide to events today that it ought to be posted in General Eisenhower's headquarters. Here is part of it:

> The royal family is as bankrupt politically as Mussolini. . . . A Roman prince who had been a member of the royal household said, "The king is worse than Mussolini. The king is gaga. He is a cynical, selfish, dirty old man." . . . The Crown Prince Umberto has lost his popularity too. Servants as well as the nobility speak for the first time of his being effeminate. Officers who had revered him suddenly describe him as a dupe. . . . In their bitterness the Italians even rail out against the Roman Church. They say that the present Pope is pro-German because of his long residence at Munich and that he has condoned fascism and accepted a Germany victory as inevitable. This is palpably false and unfair, but it is significant of the present mood of the people. . . .
>
> Once the Italians believe that Germany can be defeated, the country will be ready, in my opinion, for revolution. . . . Successful military operations by the Americans and the British will inflame the imagination of Italians. Once the Germans are being beaten, the Italians will raise daggers against them with incredible fury. Sicily has always waited enthusiastically for landing forces, and the peninsula, too, will welcome Anglo-American expeditionary forces—if in previous landings elsewhere on the Continent we have already proved our ability to win. For only when the Germans are in retreat will the Italians fight for us. There are memories of Garibaldi deep in the Italian soul, but this nation has been debauched by twenty years of fascism. The Italian people is in no heroic mood and is not likely to regain its soul until it has expiated fascism in the blood of revolution.

All this comes from a book most of which was written before our troops landed in North Africa.

MALCOLM COWLEY

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The Land Beyond the Star

Western Star, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 181 pages. $2.

A CONSPIRACY of indiscriminate praise has surrounded the posthumous publication of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star." Any genuine merit it may possess has been overlooked because of its universal assessment as a historical document rather than as a poem; as a generous restatement of political and social aims rather than as a creative act. Whether the poet, and Benét was a poet even if on narrow terms, would wish to be judged in these accents is an interesting question. Granted that the circumstances of his early and unfortunate death, public as they were, and identified as they were with his role in the prosecution of the war, have tended to produce exclusively political evaluations of this poem, there still remains open the question of whether "Western Star" succeeds as a poem within Benét's own announced frame of reference.

Benét's early and repeated inquiries into the materials and myths of the American grain became familiar strands in his quest for certainty. In no mean sense, they animate the total conception of "Western Star" which, as it now stands, represents only the first section of what was to be a mammoth verse odyssey of the American man. Unfortunately, some of the more shallow antiquarian concerns which Benét successfully disciplined out of "John Brown's Body" have reasserted an irrelevant, schoolish sway over much of "Western Star." For example, describing the landing of the Pilgrims, he takes great pains to correct what is, after all, an insignificant popular misconception:

> And the sixty-seventh
> Day out of England, they let go anchor at last
> In Provincetown Harbor, just inside Long Point,
> . . . . . .
> And there, not on Plymouth Rock, was the first landing.

And elsewhere the thin, expository, narrative logic of the various migrations to America (the Jamestown expeditions, the Pilgrims, the early years in the colonies), floods the poetic sensibility until it all but drowns in an array of convincing but uninspired historic detail.

It is significant in view of Benét's reputation as a "narrative poet" that almost all the poetry in "Western Star" is found in the ballads and moving little lyrics which bind together and, at the same time, punctuate the "narrative portraits" or "dramatic episodes" which make up the body of the poem. Occasionally, as in "Prelude," in the passage beginning, "Americans, what are Americans?" the ballad-making impulse fuses effectively with the movement of the narrative itself. Elsewhere, however, the texture of the poem is suffused with derivative echoes of the very poetry which Benét could never consciously accept as valid. Considerably watered down, the manner of Eliot is the most clearly discerned of these unacknowledged debts.

Because of the crude nationalism that infects the contemporary cultural climate, Benét's search for America ("what are Americans?") is in serious danger of being identified with genuine excellence in poetic achievement. "Western Star" shows evidence of being composed in haste and under the stress of emotions which, by their very sincerity, perhaps, made adherence to rigorous artistic standards difficult. This will not invalidate those other useful and happy services Benét performed toward the realization of his belief in "the exile's country, the land beyond the Star." But that does not remove from us the obligation of viewing the printed page as the locus of his claims to posterity's consideration. And one is forced to the conclusion that, on this basis, in "Western Star" Stephen Vincent Benét emerges as a man of good will but of mediocre talents in the making of poetry.

VIVIENNE C. KOCH

The People v. J. B. McMaster

John Bach McMaster: American Historian, by Eric F. Goldman. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 194 pages. $2.

SYDNEY SMITH'S QUESTION can by now, I suppose, be put thus: Who reads an American history book? One would hazard that in McMaster's day (the first volume of his classic series was published in 1883) a greater section of the literary and cultured community did than in our own time. This long lamented divorce between literature and history has had, of course, many tragic aspects; but it is hardly a serious matter of regret that John Bach McMaster, stalwart of an era when history was felt to be both art and science, is so little read today. Merely eclectic reading in modern and recent titles would, it seems to me, be easily more rewarding in terms of significant comment, critical ideas and analysis, and a real historical sense, than grinding through the some five hundred pages of the "History of the People of the United States." To what extent was he "a people's historian"? In what ways can it be said that McMaster reflected an expansion of democracy's social perspective? Eric Goldman's slim biographical study is a useful, competent and frequently penetrating book, and it offers a number of decisive points of departure.

Strangely enough, only recently a leading historian referred to McMaster as "the Walt Whitman of American historiography." If this is to be taken at all seriously, it can only be as a token of professorial myopia, of the curious power of vested sentimental interests in the academic world. Was there ever an American historian less poetical and certainly less Whitmanesque in his feeling for men, moods and masses? The American revolution, for McMaster, was "conducted with the sobriety, with the dignity, with the love of law and order that has ever marked the national uprisings of the Saxon race." Thomas Jefferson ("if there ever was a demagogue!" he wrote, "I mean to show him up") was seen through the sharpest Hamiltonian spectacles as an "agitator . . . saturated with democracy in its rankest form." All our rebels were just so many "malcontents" and "easy dupes," and most of our progress, he once went so far as to say, was "chiefly due to great corporations and great capitalists."

Nor can it properly be claimed that McMaster's new emphases on "the people" and the social-material aspects of American national development were entirely original and pioneering. True, Seeley was still writing the "biography of states," and Freeman continued to think of history as merely "past politics"; Bancroft in America occasionally spoke of "the people," but mostly of God. McMaster hit

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upon a new tack only by following the course of Macaulay and John Richard Green, and his borrowings from them were wholesale. More than that (as Goldman acutely observes) "the idea of the history of the people was in the air"—suggested on every side by the post-Civil War nationalism, the new earthiness of scientific thinking and the beginnings of realism in American literature. As Howells insisted on the common stuff of American experience ("front the everyday life!"), so McMaster brought systematically into view everyday life in the cities, plantations and farms, the motion of migrations, inventions, material changes and the humdrum details of the home. This proved extremely "disconcerting" for many a traditional scholar, who like Dunning of Columbia had been taught that "all waking hours outside of mealtime were devoted to politics." But this, after all, was the high, triumphant period for America's business civilization. The New England aristocrats, Adams and Parkman, had been uncompromisingly above it; the liberal critics, led by new men like Beard and Turner, were to turn severely against it. "The youngsters," old McMaster sighed, "are all enthusiastic about things we discovered were fallacious a half-century ago."

Somewhat outside the covers of those bulky, heavy-set green Appleton editions are a number of chapters which are often overlooked, distasteful chapters in the historian's own life which would almost seem to impugn his integrity. At one point McMaster wrote a school textbook, complying more or less with instructions from the Grand Army of the Republic on "real, patriotic, loyal history." It was with justifiable harshness referred to as "GARbled history," and someone appropriately suggested that McMaster advertise his usefulness—"History to let. Will be altered to suit customer. . . ." At another time, Hearst was sounding him out for a regular newspaper column, possibly in reward for his effective war-mongering in '98. McMaster, the high-tariff, gold-standard Republican, the pale, frail, hundred-pound scholar who plastered his office walls with violent Remington canvases, was a splendid imperialist indeed.

All this, of course, is not to gainsay the undeniable significance of McMaster's work. In some ways it did (as Channing, one of his many prominent students said) constitute "a revolution in outlook," and in many respects it did broaden the boundaries of historical inquiry and offer Americans a fundamentally new version of the national experience. It is possibly as a kind of payment for historic debts that the myth of McMaster as "the common man's historian" has been cultivated in American historiography. His history is associated with the people only in a mechanical and scholarly way; it is a mere technical sense of the mass in American life that gives democratic color to his work. McMaster lacked real method or systematic direction, and in truth, but for a prodigious energy and a relative freedom from the metaphysical and regional biases of earlier historians, had little enough equipment to carry off the inspiration for a social history of the American people. Bancroft's "people," for all their providential instruction, were at least Jacksonian. McMaster's histories (as the author brightly hints) all voted for McKinley.

MELVIN J. LASKY

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The Pacific Front (cont'd.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, by Captain Ted W. Lawson. Edited by Robert Considine. New York: Random House. 221 pages. $2.
Torpedo 8, by Ira Wolfert. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 127 pages. $2.

CAPTAIN LAWSON'S PERSONAL HISTORY of the Doolittle raid on Tokyo has been written pretty frankly as a morale-builder. It sets forth the official case for that expensive and much criticized undertaking. Its wholly fascinating account of the preparations for the raid is calculated to increase the average man's respect for the army and navy and for their ability to perform combined operations. Finally, it gives the Chinese a handsome boost by emphasizing their great need of assistance and their gratitude to this country for the little we do. Most of this, it seems to me, is all to the good, and so is the news that the book is well on its way to becoming the war's best-seller. Civilians will get it in the trade edition or through the Book-of-the-Month Club. In its Armed Services Edition (part of a gigantic project to publish 35,000,000 books for our fighting men), it will be distributed free to soldiers and sailors.

Doolittle's raid itself is a small part of the story. The thirty seconds over Tokyo take only that long to read and are hardly worth more. But the narratives of the rehearsal period and of the long odyssey in China following the raid are superb. Robert Considine, a Hearst sports writer who "edited" the book, has brought to his job the fine and unpretentious craftsmanship that so often distinguishes his trade. He has done best, I think, in recounting the efforts of Chinese peasants to bring the wounded Americans to safety. Of those who were not lost or captured on the mission, Captain Lawson was more seriously injured than anyone else. When his Fortress hit the China Sea, he went to the bottom pinned in his pilot's seat. Dislodging himself, he tore his leg open from thigh to knee and sliced off one bicep. Later he found that his teeth had been bashed in and his face badly cut up.

Clambering ashore on a small, barren island (unnamed because the Japanese still search for those who helped the raiders), Lawson found himself and his crew under the wing of a mysterious and implacable character named Charlie, who for all he ever said might have been an enemy agent. But Charlie arranged to get the crew of the Ruptured Duck off the island, and Charlie's friends on the mainland shouldered the broken bodies and carried them overland on the long hunt for medical aid. Nowhere have I seen a more tragic picture of China's agony. For weeks on end, from city to city over hundreds of miles of China, they searched not for doctors or hospitals, a futile hope, but for pieces of gauze, a little iodine, enough morphine to relieve the men for a few hours. Lawson, who endured all this for months with ghastly and festering wounds, emerges as a man of incomparable faith and courage, but one cannot help thinking of the Chinese soldiers who could never expect such solicitude from their own people. There are too many of them, and there is no need to win them with kindness.

Captain Lawson's book deals with what happened before and after a few brief moments of action, but Ira Wolfert's "Torpedo 8" is almost all action. It is the story of a navy torpedo-plane squadron wiped out in the Battle of Midway and later reorganized by an industrious but sometimes slow-witted young Svenska named Swede Larsen. Made up of men who had never seen a live target, the squadron flew smack into a Japanese fleet its first day out and was forced to run a gantlet of Jap ships shooting at it from both sides. As it happened, the incident cast some doubt on the usefulness of torpedo planes, but Larsen's faith was strong, and he rallied his reinforcements by appealing to them to avenge both their comrades and their planes. Under Larsen's inspired leadership, Torpedo 8 plunged into the Battle for the Solomons and carried out thirty-nine missions. They accounted for two carriers, a battleship, five heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, one destroyer and one transport. Between times, they bombed, strafed and fought on the ground with tommy guns and rifles.

In his first three books, all of them published since the first of this year, Wolfert has proved himself a fine novelist and a brilliant reporter. In "Torpedo 8," he has erred, I think, in trying to give his "deadly young Americans" the full-bodied character of persons in a novel. That can seldom be done within the limits imposed by this kind of literal and factual narrative. Nevertheless, his writing has far more fullness and depth than Considine's. Few men writing today can draw their language and images from so many veins of American experience. He can make clear the workings of a plane's engine or a soldier's mind by pure feats of imagination and metaphor. (For example: "All his controls had been shot away. He was flying on his tabs. . . . It was as if the steering wheel of his car had been shot away and he was trying to steer with his brakes." "The flight to Midway was long and difficult and very hazardous. It was like hitting a dime from a mile away with a very good rifle, but with a bad cross wind blowing.") In writing about our soldiers' minds, incidentally, he has worked out an elaborate case for the advantage our democratic conditioning gives us over our fascist enemies. Those who worry too much over the failures of our educational system will find it impressive and encouraging. RICHARD H. ROVERE

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